

LONDON
EVENING STANDARD

MARCH 17, 1964

BOND**MALCOLM
MUGGERIDGE**

Bond would seem so old hat in America's 'House of Spies'

CPYRGHT

THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE.
By Allen Dulles. Weidenfeld &
Nicolson, 30s.

A MINOR, but nonetheless significant, event in the Second World War was the arrival in London of the first OSS contingent shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbour.

For the most part they were eggheads in uniform; Harvard dons, expatriate linguists who spoke familiarly of the Shakespeare Bookshop in Paris, American Expressmen on whom the sun never sets.

Their attitude towards the British Intelligence Services was adulatory, if not positively sycophantic. They had read their Ashenden; they knew all about "C" in his legendary isolation; they were humbly grateful for any crumbs from MI6's lordly table, for any wrinkles MI5 might deign to dispense.

These were sparrows who would, as it turned out, make a high summer. How high, readers of Mr. Allen Dulles's account of his Central Intelligence Agency stewardship may gather.

Up to the First World War, America was fortunate enough to have no Intelligence Services at all. Subsequently, as Mr. Dulles shows, the omission has been more than made good.

The CIA today, along with the FBI, the DIA (under the Department of Defense, and, whatever Mr. Dulles may say, the CIA's inveterate rival), and other ancillary Security and Intelligence organisations, constitutes a massive structure, with tens of thousands of employees, tentacles everywhere

at home and abroad, and costing astronomical amounts of public money, not, of course, subject to Congressional scrutiny.

With the possible exception of the USSR, no government devotes anything like the same magnitude of effort to espionage and counter-espionage.

As in so many other fields, the reversal of the British and American roles in Intelligence has been complete. It is Bond who today must cross the CIA threshold at 2430 E-Street, Washington, D.C., with due humility, bearing round his neck a whole assortment of albatrosses.

THREADBARE

Poor Bond! The very elegance of his attire has a slightly ridiculous air, like Commander Whitehead's beard. In E-Street he seems a threadbare figure, just held together with an old school tie. Any lingering romanticism about him, or about those leather-clad Mata Haris who provide him with female companionship, will assuredly be dispelled by Mr. Dulles's manual. It is written in a flat, dehydrated style which would make the Song of Solomon read like a marriage guidance pamphlet.

There is a certain unconscious humour in the contrast between Mr. Dulles's infinitely respectable manner and the disreputable activities in which an Intelligence organisation like the CIA is necessarily involved. It is as though some impeccable product of the Cheltenham Ladies' College had been put in charge of a Marseilles bordello.

His mind moves with a sort of elephantine simplicity, driving with great force to very evident conclusions.

"Soviet and Satellite Intelligence services," he writes, "have learned over the years that blackmail based on the threatened exposure of illicit sexual acts is a powerful instrument when applied to men of certain nationalities, not so when applied to others."

It all depends, he goes on, "on the mores, on the moral standards of the country of origin. The citizens of those countries where a certain value is placed on marital fidelity and where social disapproval of infidelity is strong are naturally the most likely victims."

BATTALIONS

It is pleasant to think that in Moscow some equivalent character may well at this very moment be recording a similar majestic conclusion about the American services, which, he has decided, have likewise over the years learned that one man's mores are another man's fun.

No doubt these vast and ever-growing Intelligence organisations, spawned by the Cold War, need at their head the

Anyone of a more subtle disposition would either go mad, drink his invisible ink and write graffiti on his one-time pads, or, alternatively, pursue some crazy ambition of his own, using for the purpose his battalions of spies, his phalanxes of double agents, his underground radio networks, his aerial reconnaissance, and the vast sums of money placed at his disposal by the Government he serves.

No one, in any case, need doubt Mr. Dulles's sanity or his loyalty. Both are carried to positively extravagant lengths. He refers to the Free World in the manner of a whole-hearted believer, with no reservations

about some parts of it being freer than others. His security standards are of the highest.

"No one can suggest," he writes, "that even the most careful and the most frequent security examinations will indicate all weaknesses." People's lives and records may appear "clean as a whistle" when they are employed, and then, some years later, they may develop "latent weaknesses, which may or may not be discovered in the course of Security reviews."

FRIGHTFUL

The only way, he considers, to make and keep us clean as a whistle is to subject us to "the most thorough examination that can be given, and I feel that we should not exclude, in the examination, technical aids, such as the polygraph, more popularly known as the lie detector," which he has found to be "an important investigative aid in sizing up employees."

Did even Torquemada think of anything quite so frightful as being sized up by Mr. Dulles?



ALLEN DULLES
Security is best.

same kind of portentous
simplification.